They were an aunt, Mrs. Morton, and her niece, Miss Emily Ives, and a strange iars. He filled it up for the entire contrast they made in both appearance amount I had in the bank and fled to contrast they made in both appearance and demeanor. Miss Ives was shrouded in the deepest of mourning costumes, and a heavy black crape veil completely concealed her features. She was not a widow. That I knew, because in writing to engage the rooms Mrs. Morton had called her niece "Miss," and had furthermore added that she had sustained the loss of a friend which had thrown her into a state of almost hopeless melancholia; that Mrs. Morton's object in seeking a country place so far from New York as the Genesee valley was in the hope of effecting an entire change of scene and thought for her afflicted niece.

Mrs. Morton joined us at our little rustic board, but Miss Ives took her meals in her room, refusing to cross the sill of her door.

My curiosity was piqued.
"Is she ill?" I inquired of mother one

"Oh, no," said mother, "she is in per-

feet health; but when Mrs. Morton urges her to come out with her and see the beautiful scenery, she says that the sight of nature, no matter how lovely, is hate-

"Mrs. Morton says that, unless some thing is done to arouse Miss Ives from her lethargy, she is afraid that she will do something to arouse her.'

"I, mother!" I exclaimed, starting. "What could I possibly do to 'arouse' her, as you call it?" My mother replied to my question:

What could you do? why, you could play and sing." This was a startling proposition, even

in all the Genesce valley. "But, mother," I said, "how can I.

who am nothing but an uncultivated country bumpkin, sing before an accomplished musician, as I am sure Miss Ives "Before she sank into this dull and

was passionately ford of music-especially sacred music, but she will never listen to a note now if she can help it. Mrs. Morton and I have talked it all over; sympathetic voice that would melt the heart of a stone, and she is very anxious that you should try the experiment. "I don't ask you to sing before her;

but this afternoon Mrs. Morton and I are going out. When we are gone, you sit down to the pinno and sing some of those touching things you know so well how to

When the ladies were well out of the way I sat down to the piano, and very softly began singing some quaint, old fashioned and plaintive hymns. Between each one I paused awhile, fully expecting a peremptory message from Miss Ives for me to stop. None came, and after a while I fancied that I heard a light foot-

Evidently Miss Ives had risen from the sofa upon which she lay constantly. Was she coming in person to rebuke me for my temerity? My heart beat high with fear-and hope.

With my whole soul in my task I rap-

As the last words, "There is rest for me," died away, the door slowly opened and there advanced towards me a being who seemed to me an angel, so fair was I had never seen her face until now, but that figure I could never mis-

It was Emily Ives who stood before 'Sing, sing those words again," she

Low almost as her own voice I sang: I have builded me a mansion

In that fair and happy land; On the other side of Jordan, in the fair fields of Eden, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for me.

"In the grave only there is rest," she sighed, sinking wearily into a chair speaking to herself she seemed, and unobservant of my presence.

I spoke no word, but followed up the advantage I had gained by softly striking into Herrick's "Prayer for Comfort." When the hoard of many years,

Like a fleet cloud disa And the future's full of fears Saviour, Saviour, comfort

When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,
Desolate, bereft, nione.—
Saviour, Saviour, comfort mei The effect was most unexpected. At the conclusion of the hymn she sprang

to her feet with a look of amazement almost of indignation. "How came you, a stranger," she demanded, imperiously, "to know my sto-

I was astonished in my turn, but replied calmly: "I know nothing of your story, Miss

"Then, how came you to choose hymn to fit it so exactly? Ah! I see! My

nunt has told you." "Your must has told me nothing, I assure you, Miss Ives; but it is easy to see that you are unimppy, and I selected a byum that I hoped might comfort you,' "I understand," she replied, shting at the side of the piano. "I thank you for

your sympathy; and since I have be trayed that I have a story-will you hear it." "Clindy-most gladly," I answered inwardly rejoicing that by an accident in the choice of a hyana, I had messed

her to bestow upon me her confidence. bell ving that one should

Give norms to a for The article and a secundary of Company to the secundary And the last

wreck it. I was an orphan, with no relatives but my aunt, who has not strength enough of character to control or guide so of the to and headstrong a girl as I -the-man"-she paused, grew white aluddered at the recollection; then by an effort mastered her emotion and went on-"was cashier in a bank where I had on deposit a considerable sum of money. We met frequently, and I was fascinated by him. He professed nothing against his character she was and not for my money?"
forced to fall back upon the time hon- Then, with a bright smile, Emily lov-

barriers. Our wedding day drew near; and as I wished him to make a good appearance and not to feel hampered as to country bumpkin." neans to make himself presentable, I gave him a blank check, signed, and told him to fill it up for three thousand dol- Celia Logan in Belford's Magazine. Canada. I concealed his theft and allowed the world to think that from pure caprice, coquetry, fickleness-what you will-I had broken off the match almost at the foot of the altar. It was readily

"Try to forget him-forgiveness will

believed that, heart broken at my treach-

those emblems of mourning which you turtle stewed, quarters of turtle roasted wear. Go out into God's sweet air and and stuffed like loins of veal, turtle plain sunshine, and you will soon return to a boiled and turtles' flippers boiled to a healthy and normal state of mind."

will try." givings as to the answer, I proposed that showed us the most delicate part of the we should make a sort of family party turtle, and one previously thrown away. and visit a few places of interest in the | This was the tripe, cleansed of a thin light the invitation was accepted. I ob- once feasted on stewed turtle tripe served with great gratification that Miss they called for it continuously. After suit of delicate pearl gray.

fication at my success, and Mrs. Morton | this shell fish when fresh is as large as a

go melancholy mad—and, Geoffrey, I've boarders showed no inclination to leave the best. Cut up in pieces and stewed, been thinking that you may be able to us. Emily's cheeks had resumed their as I attempted at first, the abalone

the charm and beauty of her mind and a man from another vessel came on time. character unfolded themselves to me, I | board, who taught me to inclose a single | bed." adored her. The social difference be- abalone in a small canvas bag and then tween us, my country breeding, above pound it to a jelly with a wooden mallet the sheets!" all, my poverty, held me tongue tied. This process got the honey out of the And so October came-that loveliest of abalone. The remains of four or five though I was conceded to be the best mu- all months in the country—and with it abalones thus pounded to a pulp, and a not altogether unexpected windfall for then allowed to simmer for a couple of me. A suit which for years had been hours, would make a big tureen of the jard balls in my mouth at one time. dragging along in the courts was at last most delicious soup man ever tasted, settled in our favor, and mother and I every drop of which, on cooling, harddivided the snug sum of \$20,000 between ened to the consistency of calves' foot you will make a wager where the chance

death. Why, why, I was rich! I laughed they wanted me to keep bringing it mouth.-New York World. dreadful state of despondency, Miss Ives aloud in my glee; and Miss Ives was along. The Americans do not know or poor. Now, why should I not speak? Come what might, I would know my fate, and end the suspense which was eating my heart out. And at last my

I told her that you have the kind of a well guarded secret escaped me. I told pronounce my doom or lift me into para-

sentment. She only seemed to be thinking, but it

was not long before she replied: "I do not know whether I love you or only real love of my life, then I do not love you; but if"-"But if-if what?"

"If that was only a passing fancy, winds by his unworthiness"-"Oh, tell me that it was!" I inter-

"This much I can tell you, Geoffrey,"

such forgiveness come."

leart. with mother and me; but, if she would and novelty is to be sought for.—Olive me, with eyes upturned as if entranced. not, I would take her back to the great Harper. city, for I was rich now. A queer look passed over her features when I said I was rich, causing me to flush and bite

to a girl who had had \$30,000. her side her aunt only was present.

d her days by having a number of New over a newly arrived batch, and surorised me by exclaiming in a tone of ir-"Ah, I have not been able to escape

e reporters even here!"

At her words my heart seemed to tand still. "Escapef" "Reporters" afr my wife! What could it mean? To y rural mind reporters only followed those who were "wanted" for some sciememor. The horrible thought ahed through my mind that perhaps I ad married an adventuress-even a imittal! For I knew positively nothabout her, and she had been won so y-by a simple country boy. amily glanced at me and laughed

. Goodfrey," she said, "how pale And what a book of anxiety --- view the report-

I read the following among the personals:

"Miss Emily Ives, the eccentric thrice millionairess, gave the slip to the great world of society, and was quietly mar-ried on the 23d inst., in —, to a coun-try gentleman of no fortune to speak of. Dame Rumor says that on both sides it was a regular old fashioned love match. The friends of the fair bride-and they are legion—are rejoicing that at least one American girl has preferred to bestow her immense fortune upon one of her own countrymen instead of some

titled pauper." "Is-is-it true?" I gasped. "Yes, it is true," she answered.

"But why did you tell me that you were penniless?" "I never said that, Geoffrey-never. I told you that I had been robbed of thirty thousand dollars. You inferred that it

was all I had." "Why did you not undeceive me?" "Because, after my first bitter experience, I determined that the man who next besought me should not know I had a dollar. I saw the error into which you to love and and we became engaged. My had fallen, and was careful not to disaaunt end what she could to prevent my buse your mind of it. How else could I marrying him; but as she could urge be sure that you loved me for myself,

me! I am afraid you are, after all, what owit in all ninedy-five tollar. Now, ver you are so fond of calling yourself-'a you bay me?"

"But the happiest one alive," I ansaid Mustache. swered, snatching her to my heart .- that was."

Turtle as Food.

hours hunt one of our whaleboats would creatures in the bottom, some so large and heavy as to require hoisting over the side. Often the green fat under the Pioneer Press. "How shall I set about it?" she asked. | callipee, or under shell, lay three inches "Begin," I said, "by casting aside in thickness, I served up turtle fried, jelly and pickled. A turtle is a variously "I thank you," she said, simply. "I flavored being. Almost every portion The next afternoon, with some mis- all, old Jake, our black boatsteerer, neighborhood. To my surprise and de- inner skin. When the cabin tab'e had Ives no longer were mourning, but a many trials and much advice and suggestion, I learned to cook accept-Mother could hardly conceal her gratiably the abalone. The eatable part of fairly bubbled over with joy.

September came, and still our city ties, the white and black. The white is pristine bloom, the roseate hue of health. turned out stewed bits of guttapercha; I had loved her from the first, and, as fried, it was fried guttapercha. Then use all the food in the sea which is good.

-Prentice Mulford.

Most amateur entertainments are given her that I loved her, and-appalled too in places where there are no regular late at my temerity-waited for her to stages, and in such a case a platform should be built about three feet high and | should set their faces against kissing."ten or more deep, the full width of the Miss Ives did not seem as surprised as room. Curtains of canton flannel can I had expected, nor did she show any re- be used, or large screens, if such are more convenient. While the characters are being posed for tableau, or the stage being set for any scene, the piano or orchestra can be played as in a theatre, not. If I loved-that other-with the and for that reason the piano should be outside of the curtain or on the floor. A dressing room should be parted off on each side of the stage.

There are books which have many

scattered at once and forever to the bright little comedies requiring two, three or four characters. Among them are: "A Happy Pair," only requiring two persons: "A Fair Encounter," needing but two women, or "Weeping she said. "I owe you the deepest grati- Wives," needing four. This last was tude that woman ever owed to man; and translated from the French by Mrs. could the same misfortune befall me as James R. Pitcher, of Short Hills, N. J. in my betrothal, and you were the wrong- There are many others which are bright idly glided into the old, old hymn of doer, I could forgive you, as I never can and good. Let the manager beware of im."

"Then you love me!" I cried. "I am beth," "Mary and Elizabeth," or "Romeo sure you do, for out of love only could and Juliet." Let everything of this kind be light and sprightly. It is within the And, unrebuked, I gathered her to my possibilities for a man or woman who is a good manager of parlor entertain-I asked if she would be content to live ments to write a piece that shall be full at the old country home—she, her aunt, of amusement, because novel and new,

How Ella Wheeler Wilcox Dresses Among the ladies who seem to have my lip with mortification, remembering the gift of dressing is Ella Wheeler Wilhow paltry a sum \$10,000 must appear cox, the poet. She knows herself, and has adopted to herself a style that is a Emily acquiesced in all my proposi- part of herself, and it is all white for tions and arrangements, and we were home or evening dress. When you have business.—Judge. married most unostentatiously at the left her presence all you remember is a old homestead. Emily positively de- sheen of satin and a film of lace, a statuclined to invite any of her friends, so on esque figure not too large or too small, a sweet, genial face, two loving eyes and a top of the stairs. Emily declared that she wanted noth- crown of burnished hair. This is just as ing that reminded her of her old life, it should be. In the street she wears Mrs. Morton did not like our homespun soft gray and fawn colors, and everyvays as well as her niece did, and cheer- thing is just simply a setting which is never obtrusive, yet is remembered be-York papers sent to her. I never looked cause of its perfection and its quiet fit-it them, but one day Emily ran her eye tess.—New York Letter.

J. T. Trowbridge, the well known the Lord a night off?"-Washington Post. writer of books for logs, is over 70 years of age, and lives at A lington, Mass. He has made a fortune with his pen.

WHEN THE RAFTS WENT UP. How "Mustache" Agreed to Pay His Win-

'ter's Board. There are a number of the older residents of St. Paul who remember "Mustache," an original river character, who was also a familiar figure in all the river towns between St. Paul and St. Louis. No one, however, knew him by any other name than Mustache. He was a raftsman by profession and a fighter by instinct. Though weighing but 150 pounds, for a number of years, between 1868 and 1873, he was called the best man on the upper Mississippi. His last trip for the season left him stranded in Muscatine, Ia., late one fall. It was possible for him to work his way up to the pineries on some steamboat, but Mustache decided to play the gentleman for one winter at least, and accordingly sought out a German hotel proprietor

and stated his case: "I want to board with you this winter," he said, "but I cannot pay you by the week."

"Vell, how vill you bay me?" inquired the Boniface.

"I'll tell yer what I'll do, an' my word is ginerally good wid de boys; I'll board wid you all winter, take \$2 wuth of extras per week, an' pay you when the rafts come up from down the river in the spring

"Vell, dot ish all right so var ash I gan see," replied the German.

On this basis Mustache put in a number of months with the German, enlivened a few times by a fight between the raftsman and some local bully objectionable to the house. Thus Mustache made himself solid with the boarding boss. Spring sprung. One day the German took out from behind the bar a greasy blotter and called Mustache up to the bar to help audit the account.

ored and to me contemptible platitudes that he was my social inferior—'only a bank clerk' and 'poor.' I paid no heed to her. I loved him, and love levels all looked, dear, at the reporters being after halluf; dot makes owit eighdeen, mne-deen veeks, aind it? Now den, de poard CHURCH AND CREED.

> "Oh, Pil pay just as I said I would," "You remember how

"I think I do." "Yes, I said I'd pay when the rafts come up from down the river." In St. Bartholomew's or Turtle bay, as "Yaw; der raffs ish going by now.

the whalers call it. where for five months effery tay." we lay, taking and curing abalones, our food was chiefly turtle. This little harbor swarmed with them. After a few rafts to come up the river. See?"

There must have been a compromise ery, he had gone away to try and bury return with five or six of these unwieldy on this bill: at any rate, the German used to tell the story quite gleefully up to the day of his death in 1883,-St. Pau

A Parisian gentleman, somewhat blase with the delights and fatigues of the gay capital, took train for Geneva, where he went to look at apartments in the Rue de Paris, says an exchange. The landlady has a distinct and individual taste. After enumerated in lavish terms the advantages of her establishment, saying among other things:

"This room was once occupied by Jean Jacques Rousseau."

"It is perfectly true. The place is left just as it stood in the Eighteenth cer tury. "What a joke!"

"This is the table on which the great man wrote the 'Village Soothsayer.' "Oh. oh!"

"That is the cupboard in which he kept his linen.' "Really?" "There is the armchair in which he

"Oh, but I do hope they have changed

He Wanted an Even Wager.

Loud Voiced Party-I will bet any mar in the party \$10 that I can put two bill-Solemn Visaged Party (regarding him critically)-No; I can't go you. But if us. The homestead was partly mine, jelly. When my cabin boarders had are about even, I will bet you \$10 that and would be entirely so at my mother's once become infected with abalone soup you can't put the billiard table in your

Followed the Parson's Advice.

The parson was greatly astonished at the growth of kissing among the younger members of his flock, especially after he had preached a strong sermon to then on the matter. This is what he advised "Every young man and young woman Boston Herald.

Afraid of His Cheek. Horse Owner-Say, keep your face away from that horse's hoof. He may kick vou.

Book Agent-Oh, rats! He won't hurt Horse Owner-I know that; but I don'

want the animal crippled.-Lawrence American. Not a Success as a Reporter. A young reporter has secured his dis charge because when three articles were required of him he turned in "A. An and

An Extemporized Hat Rack.

The."—Washington Post.



Finlan-It's wan that Mary Ann bought at McTine's.

Murphy-An' a good wan it is, Jerry. Th' man that shtuffed it knowed his

"Mamma," called little Mamie from the "What is it?"

"I'm going to bed to-night without saying my prayers." "That would be very naughty." "I've said my prayers every night this

week." "That makes no difference." "But don't you think we ought to give

Effusiveness Explained

Phelim (the tramp)-May all th' bless in's av hiven rist on yure head, an' may th' saints be afther takin' care av you sor, fer th' fine, good natied purty gin-



Mr. Enstrom-I struck the most grateful old duffer down on the corner you thanked me till I was clear out of hear

Mrs. Enstrom-Did you leave my half eagle to be marked for the bangle? "Let me zee," he said; "you haf been bere von, doo, tree, vour monts und a I gave it to the tramp.—Puck. Mr. Enstrom-Great snakes! I believe

The Various Religious Services te be Held To-day.

DO THE DEAD STILL REMEMBER US

The Diamond Character-The Inability to Pray -The Brahmins and Christ-The Lepers at Molokai.

Religious services will be held at the various churches to-day as follows: CHURCH OF JUSTS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.—Sait Lake Stake of Zion, Angus M. Cannon, president; Joseph E. Taylor and Charles W. Penrose, counselors. Meeting this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL—Holy communion at 7:30 a. m. Sunday school at 2:35. Morning service with sermon at 11 a. m. Bible class at 6:30 p. m. Evening prayer and sermon at 7:30 p.m. Ash Wednesday services at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—West, Third South street, near Main, J. Brainard Thrail, pastor. Services with preaching at 11 a.m. and at 7:30 p.m. Sunday school at 12:10 p.m. Society of Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p.m. Seats free and everybody welcomed. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL—Morning prayer and sermon at 11 a.m. Sunday school at 12:30 p.m. Evoning prayer and sermon at 7:30 p.m. Bishop Leonard will preach in the evening.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETING—This (Sunday) even-ing in the Temple of Honor loose room, over Deserte National bank, Main street, at 7 o'clock, Enbuirers invited. Admission free.

The German Methodists have seven churches in New York, eleven in Chicago, five in Clinicanati, five in Milwaukee, four in Buffelo, four in St. Louis, four in Brooklyn, three in Philadelphia.—The Beacon. One of the missionaries of the China Inland Mission, a Scotch gentleman worth \$1,000,000, is living in China on twenty-five cents a week, using all his fortune in the

used to sit, the clock which told him the work. A mission school is to be established by Rev. E. W. Kelly, of Mandalay, on the very spot where Dr. Adoniram Judson, the first missionary from America, suffered the cruel imprisonment at Oungpenia. Lastly, monsieur, vonder is his

The Moravians number 98,927, and yet we are told that they have sent out, during the century, 25,000 missionaries, and \$300, 000 yearly. They have nine mission ships. -The Hoostrated Christian Weekly

Twelve hundred converts have been bap tized in the Baptist mission in Russia in the past two years. The mission is princi-pally among the German colonists in South Russia. There is also a successful mission in Roumania and Bulgaria.

The public opinion that strengthens the right and keeps down the wrong must be watchful as well as fearless and honest. It must strike quickly as well as hard must aim at prevention as well as cure evil-doing.—Christian Advocate, Nashville.

A Hindoo gentleman has called a congress of Brahmin priests and learned men for the purpose of incorporating the Bible among the sacred books of India, and officially ally recognizing Christ as the last spiritual avata or incarnation of Brahmin, the sueminary among the 250,000,000 of India! It

was founded in 1872 by the gift of \$20,000 from Rev. D. W. Thomas, of the North India conference. It has so far turned out 165 native missionaries and forty-four Christian teachers.—Western Christian Ad-THE AGE OF MARTYRS NOT OVER.

THE AGE OF MARTTHS NOT OVER.

Father Damien's self-sacrifice and heroic death among the lepers of the Sandwich Islands are fresh in memory. Another priest was ready to take his place as soon as he fell, and yesterday there arrived in New York, a woman, whose name in religion is Sister Rose Gertrude, on her way to join the leper settlement in Molokai. This woman is not a leper, but she has deliberately chosen to make her home with the lepers, for their bodily and spiritual good, well knowing that she can never leave them and return to her home and friends. Such and return to her home and friends. Such grand devotion to humanity as this gives one brighter views of Christian charity than are gathered from the usual course of

news.-Philadelphia Evening Telegraph THE DIAMOND CHARACTER. The beauty of character is to reflect God; and just so far as we color this reflection of God with anything of self, so far do we of God with anything of sell, so far do we fail of that clarification of inward thought and outward life which makes us like him. The diamond is the perfect type of character. Every other precious stone reflects the light colored by its own texture. Only the diamond reflects light in its essential purity. This is the secret of its superior-ity among gems. Other gems may be beau-tiful, but the diamond is transcendently tiful, but the diamond is transcendently beautiful. Young Christians, be diamond characters: Catch the divine light, and give it forth again uncolored by selfishness of any sort. Be so simple and so sincere that all the beauty and all the truth coming to you out of the God-life and the Christ life shall shine through you into the lives of others, and help to make them also transmitters of light. It is self-constiousness that spoils the beauty of character. ness that spoils the beauty of character. The secret of true living is to lose the intermediate sense of self, and think only of that wider relationship of God and neigh-bor. "Keep thou thy soul translucent, that thou mayest never see its shadow."

Zion's Herald. THE INABILITY TO PRAY.

One of the curious facts about the ordinary Catholic, whether cultivated or not, is his inability to pray. He may be able to read the prayer book through, to follow the mass with sincere devotion, to take an in telectual pleasure in reading "The Imitation of Christ," but the idea of making prayer the expression of his feelings and his convictions, the means of union with God, seems foreign to nine persons out of ten. This is not characteristic of the igno-God, seems foreign to nine persons out of ten. This is not characteristic of the igno-rant alone, or of the uneducated. It is just as marked in the scientist and the littera-teur. The doctrine of the communion of saints is well understood by Catholics as far as the catechism teaches it, but the ap-plication of the doctrine is not thought of too frequently. To pray for the sick and the dead is a common Catholic practice, but to pray for the tempted brethren through-out the world, for those without the light of faith, for those leading lives of sin, for the poor and the outcasts, are customs that the poor and the outcasts, are customs that do not seem to find favor with the present generation. The cause, of course lies in the training of the young. If they are taught simply to say prayers by rote, they will never say anything else. Even in our academies and colleges the teaching how to pray in its best sense is very rare. If it were oftener done we can conceive that the new generation would show a much deeper regard for holy things and for holy living.—Cathotic Review.

DO THE DEAD STILL REMEMBER US?

To the question whether the dead continue to be "conversant with earthly occurrences and scenes," and hence see and know those whom they have left behind, no answer can be given, either affirmatively or negatively, on the basis of mere reason; and, so far as we know no answer is either or negatively, on the basis of mere reason; and, so far as we know, po answer is, either directly or suggestively, given in the Bible. We are hence in a state of 'gnorance on this point, and must so remain as long as we continue in the present world. We ramember our departed friends as we knew them when living, and think of them as we hope they are in the spirit world; and assuming their continued existence with the retention of the intellectual faculties which they had when on earth, we can reasonably infer that they remember us as they knew us to be when dwelling with us in this world of trial. We may thus, in the absence of present intercourse with them, use our past knowledge in a quasic communion with them; and its eams thing in a like communion with us. Though absent, they are not absolutely lost to us, and we may reasonably conclude that we are not absolutely lost to them. What has a courred is a separation, and, for the time being, a suspension of all conscious present intercourse between the living and the being, a suspension of all conscious present intercourse between the living and the dead. This lost intercourse may be, and presumably will be, renewed hereafter between those, knowing and known to each other, who shall hereafter be dwellers in death will not return to us. We must go to them. This was King David's idea. We and, so far as we know, no answer is, either

are assured upon the authority of the Bible that there is one Being in heaven who is dearer to us than it is possible for wife or child to be, if we love and trust him as we ought, who bled and died for us on the cross, who rose from the dead and ascended into heaven, who is perfectly conversant with every item of our earthly history from the cradls to the grave, of whom we have more knowledge than of any other being in the spirit realm, who on earth was "in all points tempeted like as we are," and who does watch over us, care for us, and profoundly sympathize with us in every trial of life. That Being is the Lord Jesus Christ, the God-man on earth and the God-Man in heaven. The Bible pours a flood of light upon this Christ, as he was on earth and as he is in heaven, and makes him the best friend one can possibly have. Having the sympathizing friendship of Christ, and knowing that we have it, we must rely on him and seek comfort in him, patiently accepting the absence of dear ones that we have lived and lost on earth, and hoping to meet them, to know them, and renew our interceurse with them in a brighter and better world.—The Independent.

We have a speedy and positive cuestors.

We have a speedy and positive curefor catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth and headache in SHILOH'S CATARRH REM EDY. A masal njector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by A. C. Smith & Co.

JACK FROST IS HERE. We offer fifty dozen toboggan caps at 25, 35 and 50 cents, worth double the money. Simon Bros.

Salina, Utah, Feb. 4, 1890. Gents: Salvator Magnus cured me of a grippe completely in four days. I can sincerely recommend it.

H. J. GOTTPREDSON.

We will on and after Monday, January 27, be prepared to serve the public with New England home-made bread. We make a specialty of every thing in our line. Have cooks, pastry cooks, and ornamental con-fectioners. Bring your own cakes, and we will ornament them.

S. F. BALL & CO., 24 MAIN STREET.

Diphtheria and all kinds of sore throat yields readily to the Microbe Killer. Use it freely, it can be relied on. D. L. Davis, 70 W. First South street, agent for Utah. Prescriptions a specialty at Crismon, Scarff & Co.'s, the druggists, Try them.

Spring styles of Christy hats just received.

Bast-Marshall Men. Co.,
142 Main street. HOT LUNCH

At Gallacher's, from 12 to 4, 25c. Short orders a specialty. Prescriptions a specialty at Crismon, Scarff Co.'s, the druggists. Try them.

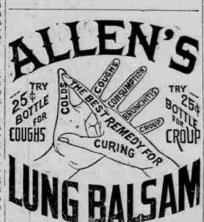
Pimples
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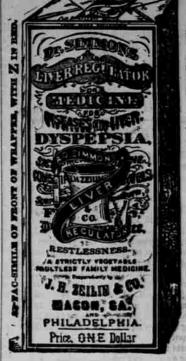
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